FRANK DAVEY'S

Photographic Souvenir

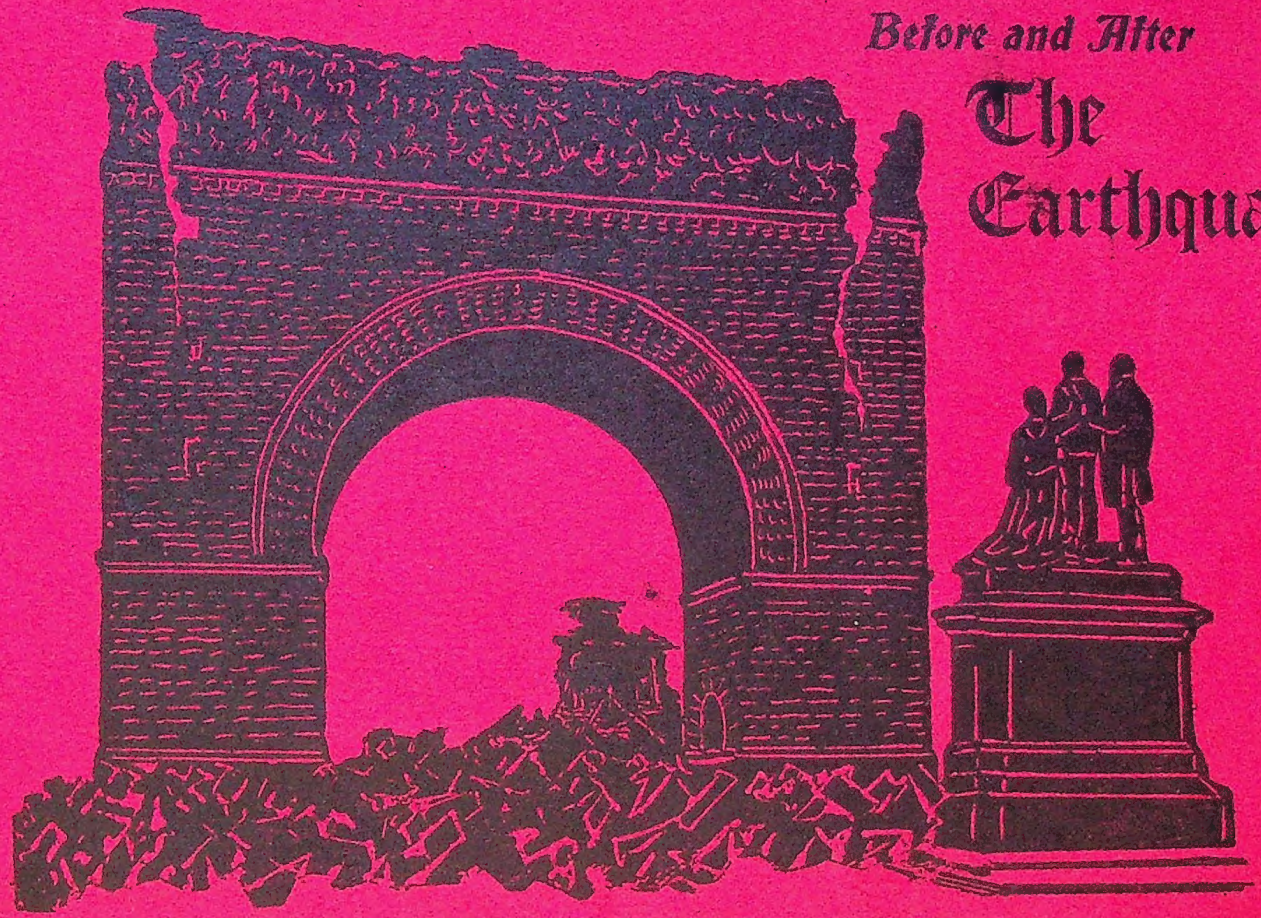
of

Leland Stanford Jr. University

PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

Before and After

The Earthquake



Leland Stanford Jr. University

PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

Before and After

THE EARTHQUAKE

of April 18, 1906

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FRANK DAVEY

A CASTLE IN SPAIN

I know a castle, in the Heart of Spain,
Builded of stone, as if to stand for aye,
With tile roof, red against the azure sky,—
For skies are bluest in the Heart of Spain.
So fair a castle men build not again;
'Neath its broad arches, in its courtyard fair,
And through its cloisters—open everywhere,
I wander as I will, in sun or rain.
Its inmost secrets unto me are known,
For mine the castle is. Nor mine alone:
'T is thine, dear heart, to have and hold alway.
'T is all the world's, likewise, as mine and thine;
For whoso passes through its gates shall say,
"I dwelt within this castle: it is mine!"

—*David Starr Jordan.*

It is men not buildings, which make the University. The life of the University is unchecked. Its working buildings will be repaired at once. Its splendid architecture will appeal to generous givers, and the love and devotion from which arose the Stanford spirit will rise stronger than ever from each vicissitude.—*David Starr Jordan.*

The old original quadrangle is uninjured by the earthquake, damages to the other buildings will be repaired promptly, and the next term will begin as usual, Aug. 23d.—*J. C. Branner.*

INTRODUCTORY

THE LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY is the most richly endowed University in the world. All that brain could devise, all that wealth could procure and that art could secure, have conspired to make it the most beautiful University in the world. Stanford is the particular pride of California. Aside from her splendid educational advantages and facilities we have revelled in the asthetic beauty of Stanford. We have found within the charmed circle of her boundaries that which was more nearly satisfaction of soul, than mere art, inanimate and cold can oft possess. Here was typical California beauty with its warmth of style and architecture; distinctively suggestive, of the Mission Era; enriched and enhanced a thousand fold by contributions of the rarest productions brought from foreign lands.

The idealty of location appeals to the fine sense of appreciation. There is something singularly complete about the fitness of the whole; from the red tiled roofs of the long arcades that glowed warm in the setting sunlight, the cool buff of the sandstone walls that harmonized with the resting moonlight; to the famed memorial court with its old Japanese bronzes, and the Stanford family group, flanked on one side by the magnificent "Memorial Arch" erected by that loving mother in memory of her son; opposite, the world renowned "Memorial Church", a fine tribute to the memory of her husband, yet builded in the love of God and humanity; the acres of lawns, statue ornamented, the beautiful Arboretum, with its wealth of trees, casting cool shade o'er winding walks that lead through flowery ways to dreamful vistas, perfume haunted, and beyond, the breadth and space and all outdoorness; the nearness, of the oak crowned hills, that rolling onward meet the mountains; the lake, "La Gunita", where the boy, Leland, used to sail his boats; and arching over all, the intense blueness of the California sky. The fascinating spell of Stanford grows upon one. Her strange alluring charm steals over the senses.

There is something subtly haunting hereabout, a mysterious, shadowy, but kindly presence, that pervades all, yet eludes, and sets one dreaming. The poetry and romance of the place are compelling: One loves to linger.

Everywhere are traces of the mother love,—the love of a mother, who, losing all, gave all; that other lives might be enriched: Her loss, she proved, the wide world's gain.

Alone—apart, a little, by itself, amid the greensward, stands the plain granite mausoleum,—that silent home, within whose narrow walls, rest the still forms of father, mother, and son: A little way on, gleaming whitely amid the trees, kneeling low, is the angel of grief; an exquisite piece of workmanship erected by Mrs. Stanford to the memory of her favorite brother.

It is difficult for the stranger, not familiar with the institution, to fully appreciate or understand the wholly unique personality of the great University. It has a living, loving personality, breathing the impress of the thought and care and lifetime devotion, the true, self sacrificing spirit of a dear dead woman, Jane Lathrop Stanford, California's greatest benefactress to the cause of education. For Stanford is accessible to all: Her educational facilities are free to students. Her beauty, an important aid to the accomplishment of the highest educational work, is free to all. The fine library, and numerous other privileges are, through the beneficence, and the farseeing spirit of love and helpfulness characteristic of its founders, open to the general public.

To those unfamiliar with this institution, it is difficult to give a clear description of the refinement of surroundings here; the atmosphere of culture, which permeates the entire place.

They can scarcely form a true conception of the wide scope of the academic life of the University. The varied lines of educational work which it embraces, and the completeness of apparatus, books and facilities, for prosecuting lines of modern research. The "progressiveness" of Stanford, is its leading characteristic: It had no established precedence to overcome. * * *

During his lifetime, Governor Stanford personally superintended the building of Stanford; he builded well; and when, grown weary of life, he laid down his burdens; upon Mrs. Stanford, he imposed full responsibility, for carrying on to completion, the work which they, together, had planned. Alone she took up the burden, and through the stress of Government complications, and by almost superhuman effort, had brought the University to the point so that, when the summons came to her, to join her loved ones, she could feel that her life work was practically accomplished.

Mrs. Stanford's great desire, had been, that she might live to see the "completion of the quadrangle." She wished to be sure that buildings such as she considered proper and necessary for the advancement of so great an institution, might be provided for during her lifetime, in order that the interest on remaining funds might be used for school equipments and the teaching force. Mrs. Stanford, also spent largely of her own private income in developing and improving in every way the University and grounds.

The past years of Stanford have been designated as "The Building Stage; the Stone Age." The buildings had almost reached the stage of completion.

The Leland Stanford Junior University is situated one mile from Palo Alto, in Santa Clara County, California; it was founded by Senator Leland Stanford and Jane Lathrop Stanford, in memory of their son Leland Stanford, Junior, who died at Florence, Italy, in 1884.

The cornerstone of this magnificent institution was laid on the fourteenth day of May, 1887. The University was formally opened to students October 1st, 1891.

The endowment fund includes the Palo Alto Estate of nine thousand acres, on a portion of which the University buildings stand; the Vina tract, of fifty-three thousand acres in Tehama County; the Gridley tract, of eighteen thousand acres, in Butte County; and other smaller tracts; also, and chiefly, interest bearing securities, variously estimated in value, at from twenty to thirty million dollars.

The central group of buildings consists of two quadrangles, one surrounding the other.

The inner quadrangle contains twelve substantial one story buildings and the beautiful "Memorial Church." The buildings are connected by a continuous open arcade and face a palm-ornamented court five hundred and eighty six feet long by two hundred and forty six feet wide.

There are fourteen buildings in the outer quadrangle, larger and more pretentious in style and architecture. These buildings, also are connected by open arcades. The celebrated "Memorial Arch," is in the central part of the front of the outer quadrangle. It is the largest arch of its kind in America, and is only surpassed by the "Arc de Trmphe," in Paris, which is the largest in the world. Assembly Hall, a part of the outer quadrangle, has a seating capacity of seventeen hundred.

Back of the quadrangle are the engineering buildings, work shops, and power house.

The Leland Stanford, Junior, Museum, is a quarter of a mile from the quadrangle on the west side of the central (Palo Alto) Avenue. It is considered one of the finest museums in the world. The chemistry building and Assaying laboratory, are located between the Museum and the quadrangles.

The new gymnasium building, two stories high, just completed, is one quarter of a mile from the quadrangle on the east side of Palo Alto Avenue and facing the Museum.

The new Library Building (not completed) containing three stories and a basement, is directly opposite the chemistry building.

To the east of the quadrangles is Encina Hall, the men's dormitory, four stories high, with rooms accommodating three hundred men.

Roble Hall, for young women, is west of the quadrangle, and has rooms for one hundred women.

Scattered about the campus are other smaller buildings, such as the Roble and the Encina Gymnasium, the Inn, a book store (newly erected), a drug store, the post office, etc., all connected with the University.

The fine residence section, homes of Faculty members and numerous Sorority and Fraternity houses, is close to the University; as is also "Xaxmin", President Jordan's home. Mrs. Stanford's favorite residence, also, in close proximity to the campus, the old "Stanford Stock Farm," an attractive spot to the tourists, is not far distant. Such is a hastily sketched picture of Stanford as she was.

On Wednesday, April the 18th, at even five o'clock in the morning, the shock of earthquake which wrought such ruin and sad havoc throughout California, found here a fiercest center of attack. Without a moment's warning, Stanford, the pride of the Pacific, "Stanford", the most cherished institution of the State, this monument of love and devotion, of toil and sacrifice; was, in less than one minute of time, stripped of its grandeur, shorn of its beauty, robbed of its splendor, dismantled, and disfigured, almost beyond recognition.

Like an avenging fate, some unseen hand seemed to have reached out of the bowels of the earth, a hand, that with iron grasp had clutched, shaken, torn and twisted the stately structures that in proud serenity had graced the beautiful campus on the night before. Stanford is in ruins. It is a scene that those who gaze upon will never while they live, forget. It is a scene that brings deep sorrow to the hearts of Californians; especially so, to those who have watched with keen delight the growth and advancement of this fine institution.

It is a singular fact, sadly suggestive in some way, that it was Stanford's pride, rather than the more necessary academic equipment of the University that perished. The most beautiful and costly, but more unnecessary buildings, special memorials, and that which stood for culture, and asthetic art alone, that now are trembling, tottering, bent and fallen. The academic equipment of the University is for the most part unharmed, and can more easily be repaired.

It seems miraculous that out of the more than seventeen hundred students who had registered at the University this year but one was sacrificed in this terrible disaster, J. R. Hanna, of Pennsylvania. Sad, also, is the fact, that he was a widowed mother's only son. But one other was numbered with the dead, at Stanford, a young fireman whose widowed mother and only sister reside at Mayfield.

I visited this scene of desolation, a few days after the earthquake. The beautiful entrance gates were lying prone upon the ground. I traversed the winding walks, through the shaded, flower-decked arboretum. My favorite haunts seemed chill and unresponsive. A meadow lark carrolled his morning song,—but the music was dreary. I shall ever more associate the breath of the laurel with the memory of that sad hour. The tenderness and beauty of nature seemed appealing as though sorry for that one brief moment of anger, and seeking once more to cheer her stricken children.

But nature has been stern and fierce and unrelenting. She has destroyed and killed with supreme indifference.

What right, have gladdening, golden poppies and fair sister flowers, rioting in color and luxuriant profusion, upon this wreck strewn campus? Their beauty seems offensive here. They belong to another world.

Sunbeams play amid the shadows of the trees in wantonest disregard of all about. Nothing harmonizes with that awful scene of desolation upon the wreck strewn campus.

The sky is too blue. There should be storm clouds. The hills never were more green or fresh or gay. They should be gray, old, and forlorn. Nature has recovered her perfect equipoise. The spring painted hills, and the blossoming valleys smile in peaceful serenity and security once again. Only the ruined buildings and the wrecked homes, tell the story of the awful throes of nature, when she writhed in pain and anger.

And,—We mourn our dead:

Gleaming whitely,—kneeling low, amid the trees in its secluded spot, the "Angel of Grief" breathes a prayer. Prophetic,—it has always been. Strangely symbolical it seems, now, in its attitude of intense sorrow. Sometimes, I have heard the voice before. But now, clearly, softly, sweetly and distinctly I hear that voice, from out the silence speak.

"Standeth God amid the shadows, keeping watch above his own."

Though some of her massive buildings are laid low; though her beauty bears cruel scars, evidences of the agonized throes through which she recently passed, though all about us are the signs of devastation and destruction, there is not—despair. We of California have hope: We know that Stanford as she was, shall be again. We will have, possibly, a more simple Stanford, with less ornate adornment; but a greater Stanford and a better Stanford.

The work of reconstruction is rapidly going on; all debris and traces of the disaster will be removed as quickly as possible: There will be no cessation of labor in this locality during the coming year until all "Stanford", stately, as of old, fairer than yesterday, rises above the ruins of today and stands once more in our fair valley an enduring monument to the love of parents for their child; far reaching love, enriching all mankind, a spiritual love, materializing in the form of an ennobling institution, where other parent's children might be gathered together from the world's domains to receive instruction from its learned masters, gain inspiration and absorb culture from its beauty, art, and unequaled privileges. Such a combination of rare influences combine to aid in the development of all that is best and most desirable in the men and women of the future.

BERTHA MARGUERITE RICE

ANGEL OF GRIEF.

GLEAMING WHITE, KNEELING LOW, THE ANGEL OF GRIEF BREATHES A PRAYER.

MAIN ENTRANCE TO CAMPUS AFTER EARTHQUAKE.

MAIN ENTRANCE TO CAMPUS BEFORE EARTHQUAKE.

MAIN ENTRANCE TO CAMPUS BEFORE AND AFTER EARTHQUAKE.

MEMORIAL ARCH.

100 FEET IN HEIGHT, 90 FEET IN WIDTH. THE FRIEZE REPRESENTS THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION ACROSS THE AMERICAN CONTINENT. TO THE RIGHT, STANFORD FAMILY.

MEMORIAL COURT, SHOWING ARCH AFTER EARTHQUAKE.

MEMORIAL COURT, SHOWING ARCH BEFORE EARTHQUAKE.

MEMORIAL CHURCH AFTER EARTHQUAKE.

MEMORIAL CHURCH, BUILT AT A COST OF $1,000,000. BEFORE.
SEATING CAPACITY, 1,600; HEIGHT, 190 FEET; WITH A CHIME OF BELLS TO CORRESPOND WITH WEST-MINSTER ABBEY.

MEMORIAL CHURCH, AFTER.

MEMORIAL CHURCH.

THE WHOLE FRONT, BUILT IN MOSAIC, REPRESENTS THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

MEMORIAL CHURCH, UPPER ENTRANCE IN MOSAIC.

MEMORIAL CHURCH, LOWER ENTRANCE IN MOSAIC.

MEMORIAL CHURCH FROM SOUTHWEST.

APSE OF MEMORIAL CHURCH. INTERIOR DECORATIONS COST $600,000

LOOKING TOWARDS CHEMISTRY BUILDING, AFTER. THE STATUE OF L. AGASSIZ FELL FROM A HEIGHT OF THIRTY FEET, PIERCING CONCRETE SIDEWALK. THE FIGURE WAS NOT INJURED.

LOOKING TOWARDS CHEMISTRY BUILDING FROM FRONT ARCADE. BEFORE.

LOOKING TOWARD LIBRARY BUILDING FROM MEMORIAL ARCH AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

LOOKING TOWARDS LIBRARY BUILDING FROM MEMORIAL ARCH. BEFORE EARTHQUAKE.

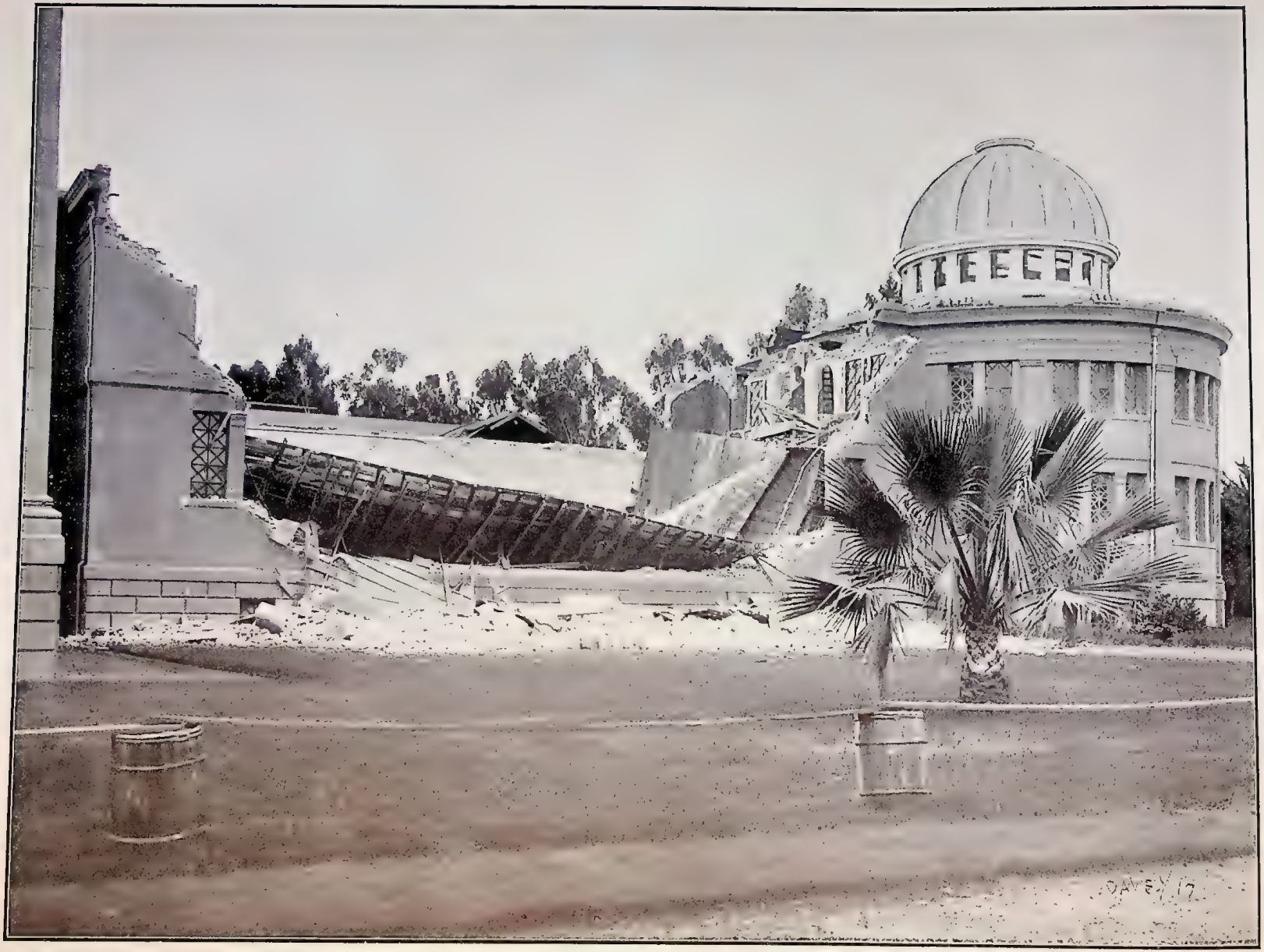
MEMORIAL CHURCH.

FROM INNER QUADRANGLE, PATTERNED AFTER THE OLD MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.

GYMNASIUM.

LIBRARY.

MUSEUM.



MUSEUM. AFTER EARTHQUAKE.

GEOLOGY BUILDING.

A VIEW OF A PORTION OF THE QUADRANGLE TAKEN AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

ENCINA HALL.

ROBLE HALL.

CACTUS GARDEN.

MAUSOLEUM OF THE STANFORD FAMILY. NOT DAMAGED.